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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Into the warp of the days that are done, O God, have we woven the woof of our being.

Disheartened, unthinking, we say that the days that are done, are done.

Father of days, in whose hand all days are at hand, with Thy tools have we toiled all Thy days that are done,

In the gladness of hope, in the sadness of Death, have we sought for Thy truth in the days that are done.

On the stones of the past have we builded our stent of the stairway that leadeth to Thee.

The mortar is mixed with our tears; uneven the stone and ill fitted, scarred by faulty strokes of the chisel, but grand is the structure Thou buildest thro us, out of our days that are done.

—William Kent.

Written for the Tenth Anniversary of All Souls Church, Chicago, and re-read at the twenty-fifth anniversary services, Sunday, November 3, 1907.

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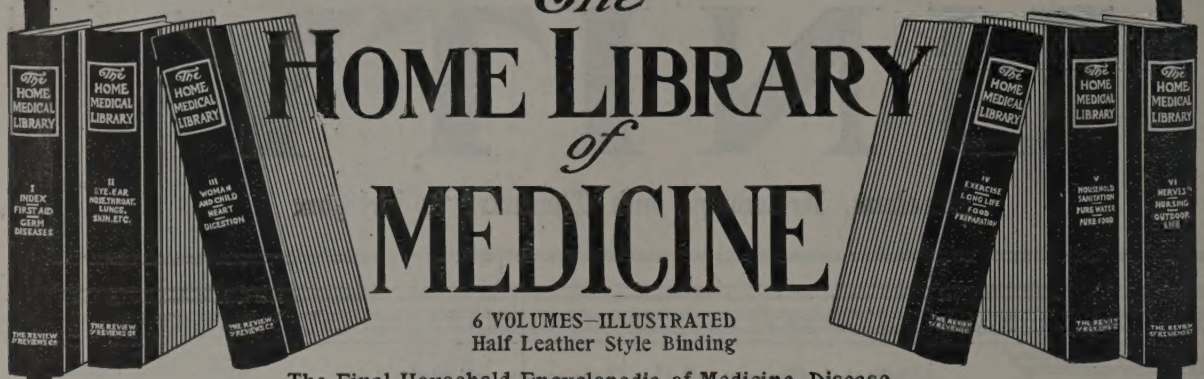
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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LX THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1907 NUMBER 10

Not on the vulgar mass
Called "work" must sentence pass,
Things done, that took the eye and had the price;
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice:

But all, the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account;
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount:

Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
All I could never be,
All, men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

—*Robert Browning.*

(From Rabbi Ben Ezra.)

Many years ago W. W. Story offered a poetic brief in behalf of Judas. Rev. Joseph C. Allen in the November *Open Court* comes to his defense in prose and by a critical analysis of the record comes to the conclusion that his deed was an act of cowardice, maybe an innocent mistake rather than a deliberate crime. But unlike Peter, John, James and the others who proved unequal to the dire occasion of the midnight assault, Judas did not recover his courage and return to the task and resume again the work of reform.

It has been the custom of All Souls Church, Chicago, to decorate its auditorium on its anniversary day—All Souls Day—with the flowers and fruits of the field and orchard. Last Sunday the table was loaded with the fruits of the mind. The twenty-four annuals, containing the church history; twenty-five years of UNITY in binding and so much as is available of the published writings of the minister, some thirty-one titles, the last of which was Love and Loyalty, a volume of Confirmation Class Sermons, fresh from the University Press of Chicago. This mental exhibit also represented human tilling meeting divine sunshine and shower.

The *Atlantic Monthly* has come to its fiftieth anniversary. The November number is of an autobiographical character. It is such a number as becomes the sedate, dignified, plain, nobly earnest, critically excellent representative of thoughtful, cultured life. Perhaps the greatest triumph of the *Atlantic Monthly* might be stated as a successful resisting of the temptations to be "Popular." It has refused its pages to the illustrator and the artist. We are glad of the signal triumphs of *Harpers,* the *Century, Scribners* and the still more "popular" magazines, but we always put this Quaker among the magazines on the upper shelf in our respect and affection, even though its leaves go uncut in the interest of the books, many of which have passed through its pages.

Our exchanges are getting bolder and bolder in their predictions concerning aerial navigation. The *St. Nicholas* offers as a frontispiece a picture of "New York sky harbor in 1950—up the main air-ship channel." This sky is indeed filled with the navigators of the air, but they give the impression of lightness rather than of strength. When the practical ship that is to sail the air comes, will it not be a thing of power rather than of lightness? It is the strong mind that sails successfully celestial altitudes in the realm of the spirit and presumably it must be the strong machine that conquers the upper spaces in the realm of matter. Perhaps the inventors will do well to ponder over the suggestive lines of Mrs. Browning:

"It takes a soul
To move a body,—it takes a high-souled man
To move the masses, even to a cleaner stye."

A writer in the *Cambrian,* Mr. M. T. Matthews, writes interestingly of the "Unification of Celtia," in which he gives an account of the interesting delegation from Brittany to the recent Welsh national Eistedfod held at Swansea. This rediscovery of the kinship existing between the Bretons of France, the inhabitants of Wales and the Gauls of Ireland and Scotland reaches back through at least seventy years of time. But in later years, thanks to the Celtic revival advanced by Matthew Arnold and Professors Dowden and Blackie, the movement has become systematic and organic. But this is only one more little by-play in the great drama of human brotherhood. The united Celtia will find its joy and full strength in the larger unities of universal brotherhood and universal religion.

The annual report of the State Children's Council for the year ending June 30, 1907, for South Aus-

tralia, is before us and contains much matter which should commend itself to the legislatures in the United States. It shows that of the 1,289 children under state control 1,056 of them are placed in homes under the boarding-out system, which keeps strict supervision of the same, under licensed foster-mothers or other state officials. There are but few states in our union which have caught a glimpse of this better way; still, under the advanced legislation of the juvenile court the judge on the bench has no alternative between consigning the child to an institution at state expense or committing it to a private charity. We have many activities which seek to place dependent children in homes if the homes are offered gratuitously or board provided for by private resources. In Illinois and most of the states we still stop short of the kindly wisdom which permits the court at its discretion to use the public money for the maintenance of the child in a home where it will be surrounded by normal relations as well as institution. A dependent child in Chicago can be sustained at public expense at Feehanville, a Catholic institution, or at Glenwood, a non-sectarian institution, but the same amount of money cannot be spent in supporting the same child at the home of an honest farmer or an industrious mechanic, where the child would soon be lost out of public attention on the upward slide into the normal relations of the community. Australia has taught the United States many things. This is a step forward which we are still reluctant to take.

The *Australian Herald,* edited by the independent, progressive pastor of Melbourne, Strong by name as well as in the spirit of reform, takes a hopeful view of The Hague Conference. It says that "Great movements are not appreciated in the age in which they are born and among those beneath whose eyes they originate no more than is a prophet honored in his own country and among his own people." The same paper detects a movement inside of the Church of Rome towards free religion which may eventuate in a truly Catholic church, devoted to the coming of the kingdom of love and righteousness.

The Illinois Humiliation—The Chicago Disgrace

Illinois is again humiliated by its politicians and Chicago is disgraced at the hands of its officials. No sadder disgrace has been enacted in the political life of the United States for a long time than that which occurred at Springfield, Ill., last week when the presiding officer of the house of representatives, a would-be "favored son" of Illinois, the Mayor and the Postmaster of the city of Chicago led the shameless band of politicians, a conspicuous gang of bosses in power, into the senate councils of the state and by sheer effrontery, brazen impudence, tore the Oglesby primary law into shreds and tatters. Twice has the Illinois legislature and the governor been disgraced by the decision of the supreme court of the state, which would not consent to the indignity they offered to the constitution by a primary law so shaped and twisted as to defeat the end of democracy, viz., the sanctity and potency of the ballot.

This time in the Oglesby bill, which passed the lower house by a large majority, there was an honest and reasonably successful attempt to frame a primary law that would have primal concern with the rights of the voter rather than the partisan committeemen and the political bosses. It is but fair to say that there were bosses and ward-heelers in the lower house who consented to the passage of the bill with the hope that the smaller and more expert body of politicians in the senate would see to its mutilation. But even the senate of Illinois, the stronghold of the politicians who are in politics for what there is in it, would not have dared defeat the unmistakable demand of the public which has by referendum vote and other ways persistently clamored for a direct primary law, if these men high in office had not trailed their official robes through the mud and, openly in their war-paint and with tomahawks, appeared in this dance of savagery.

There were others who signed the round-robin protest so that no one could be impaled as leader in the revolt, but public opinion and political justice will ultimately hold the three individuals named in superlative contempt for the dastardly act. For the "old man" of the house of representatives may be pleaded the ameliorating circumstance of senility. He is anxious to secure the complimentary vote of Illinois at the coming presidential convention and he saw that his only hope lay in keeping up his political fences, coralling the old guard who now hold the direction of the republican party in their own hands. But for Busse, the partisan Mayor of Chicago, there are no such extenuating circumstances. To him can be given the credit of at least being frank in his brutal partisanship. He did ask that the fight should be made in the open and he headed the delegation to Springfield and did not hesitate to put forward the fell argument of the partisan, without mitigation or extenuation. He plead for the "salvation of the republican party," the disintegration of which he saw written in the clauses of a righteous primary law, notwithstanding the overwhelming majorities of the republican party at the polls. The intelligent citizens of Chicago could hardly expect anything else of Postmaster Campbell, who for years had been the partisan ringmaster in the state senate. But in this flagrant violation of the dignities and proprieties of a national officer carries with it a reproach to the Roosevelt administration, and we have a right to expect that the executive hand that is so committed to the use of the "big stick" when occasion demands, shall show its dexterity in this case.

To the credit of Chicago be it said that it feels its humiliation. The protest is prompt from all the papers and from the leading citizens, irrespective of party. As we go to press the Union League Club, whose chosen vocation is patriotism, is actively formulating its protest and organizing the procession in the hope that even yet, if the house stands firm, the senate may repent.

To the further honor of city and state let it be remembered that not all the senators did bend the knee to Baal. All honor to the small republican minority who would not be intimidated by their bosses but remembered their representative character and respected the wishes of their constituency and voted "No!"

Forward

Gird up thy loins, O man, for a long journey! The end is not in sight. Often thy false prophets have foretold thy departure from these, thine activities, and have cried, Lo, now, shall the heavens be gathered together as a scroll, and thou shalt forever take thy flight. So thy creation and whole terrestial existence had been a stupendous farce. Eventual, not without pathos, has been thy progress hereto. *Multum ille et terris jactatus et alto.* Tossed about, indeed! What weary wanderings in what labyrinthine wildernesses, through what Stygian bogs thou hast struggled; what dim uncertain seas hast thou sounded. For every age with thee has been an heroic one, and courage thou hast not lacked. Fierce have been thy battlings with the gross and material ogres and giants infesting thy pathway; but thou hast vanquished them. Fiercer still the conflicts with thy spiritual demons; but thou art exorcising them. Somewhat, too, of the creative faculty is thine. For out of the misty—to thee chaotic—nebulousness surrounding thee, dost thou not pluck here and there, and, with a thousand failures, produce forms of usefulness and beauty? The unknown thou makest known. But thou art still in thy youth. Not far behind thee lie the destructiveness and confusion of infancy. Hardly yet hast thou learned that to conserve, and not destroy, is thy mission. Thou shalt come to know thy capabilities, and in the strength of thy maturity, no more with stumbling and blind groping, but with leaps and bounds shalt thou move along a glorious future toward the Hills of Light. Forward, then, thou potent participator in divine plans. JULIAN A. DU BOIS.

DESERVINGS

This is the height of our deserts:
A little pity for life's hurts;
A little rain, a little sun,
A little sleep when work is done.

A little righteous punishment,
Less for our deeds than their intent;
A little pardon now and then,
Because we are but struggling men.

A little light to show the way,
A little guidance when we stray;
A little love before we pass
To rest beneath the kirkyard grass.

A little faith in days of change,
When life is stark and bare and strange;
A solace when our eyes are wet
With tears of longing and regret.

True is it that we cannot claim
Unmeasured recompense or blame,
Because our way of life is small:
A little is the sum of all.

—*Anonymous.*

True is it that we cannot claim

In old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand, and led them away from the City of Destruction. We see no white-winged angels now. But yet men are led away from threatening destruction; a hand is put into theirs which leads them forth gently towards a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward, and the hand may be a little child's.—*George Eliot.*

THE PULPIT

The Book of Memory

A TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY SERMON.

DELIVERED BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES IN THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, NOVEMBER 3, 1907.

And Peter remembered the words which Jesus had said,—Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice. And he went out and wept bitterly.

—Matthew XXVI: 75.

Jesus gathered his little band of followers in a most simple and natural fashion. One man left his fishing boat, another his tax-collecting, and perhaps still another his patients, to accompany this peasant carpenter in his teaching. With these men he associated through bright and stormy weather; they trudged together from Nazareth to Jerusalem and from Jerusalem back to Galilee. They had tasted some of the inspirations of popularity, shared together the dangers of suspicion and opposition. They had become familiar with one another's strengths and weaknesses. The great heart of the Leader necessarily made him a skillful interpreter of the human heart. He knew their susceptibilities and their timidities; he knew that the greedy nature of Judas carried with it peculiar dangers; that the tempestuous Peter would find trials beyond his expectation. The ardent, impulsive man resented the frank words of the Master after the tender experiences of that last supper in the upper chamber. "If all shall be offended in thee, I will never be offended," said Peter. But when the darkness of that midnight watch came, in the chilliness and sleeplessness that so depress the spirit, when the howling mob, the armed patrol, the ominous arrest, the somber crowd, and the ghostly shadows before the dawn came, the loving disciple and devoted reformer shrank into the pitiable limits of a tired, frightened rustic. He was simply Peter the boatman, trying to warm himself by the fire in a back yard. Not only his courage but what little polish and courtesy he had gathered in his travels slips away from him; he drops into his old rustic dialect; he lies, he swears, and the sneering crowd about him lead the chatter of the scornful ages. The sumptuous, complacent representatives of an easy-going Christianity may take him as an advocate of a skin-deep piety, a superficial religion. The skeptical philosopher points at Peter with a knowing wink and says, "That is all it amounts to; every man has his price, and we have known his worth."

Today we will be more just to Peter. It was no small achievement of the spirit to have followed the arrested one as far as he did, and now there are depths in the soul of Peter untouched by his profanity or his perjury. As the cock crows, heralding the coming day, Peter remembers not only the Master's distrust, the ominous prophecy, but his own high resolves of last evening. He remembers the loving word, the gentle face; aye, I believe he remembered the great cause with the large faith and daring hopes that sustained him during the long journeys, that made the way-side talks delightful; he remembered the holy conferences, the high discussions, and the hot tears came testifying to great open prayer-fields lying back of his rugged oaths and hasty denials. The tears prove him worthy of his discipleship. His credentials were written deep in the Book of Memory, and this Book of Memory is the holiest of Bibles; on its pages are written the Beatitudes that bring profoundest peace; here are to be read the parables that reclaim.

The Bible Society has published a vest-pocket edi-

tion of the Bible, the whole of the Jewish and Christian scriptures compacted into a little volume that can be stowed away in a gentleman's vest-pocket. But the text is too small for comfortable reading; there is much in it that does not apply to the individual needs, long paragraphs that will be overlooked or if read, misunderstood.

But there is a heart-pocket edition of a Bible, still less in bulk, every text of which stands out in plain type, the pages of which are illuminated, and it is from this heart-pocket Bible that the issues of life spring, the character-forces are directed.

The little boy was angered yesterday; his face was hard, fists clenched, voice harsh; but he remembered a Sunday text, a teacher's admonition, a mother's face, and his own face softened, fists became hands again; his voice became musical. Yesterday the man stood amid damning allurements. The gamester challenged him, the carousal cup was offered him; he took it once, twice, thrice perchance. Then some crowing of the cock aroused him; he remembered the lonely wife, the restless feet of the boy whose ambition it is to walk in father's foot-steps, and he goes home sober and not drunk.

The soul is weary, discouraged, hurried, distrustful; but suddenly it remembers a loving word, a gentle touch, a helping hand, and the discouragement is cured and, like Peter, it returns to its daring vocation.

The ring on the finger is a clasp of the Book of Memory wherein are recorded the holy texts, God's special revelation at some particular time and place. The picture on the wall opens the Book of Memory, the heart-pocket edition of the Bible, just where the illuminated sentences are that will change the doubter into a believer, the scoffer into a devotee. Herein lies the significance of a promise, the power of a pledge. They connect the mean moment with the high hour, changing the coward into a hero, the craven into an apostle.

Many are the roads upon which human souls travel heaven-ward. Some fare on by the help of holy rites, rituals, ceremonies, others by rigid thought, straight thinking; still others have laid their burdens at the foot of the cross whereon, to them, a holy martyr was Deified.

But all these and many more cannot supplant the heavenly paths that lead through the Book of Memory. "Unless ye become as a little child, ye may not enter the kingdom of heaven." Our sophisticated lives must be re-clothed with the simplicity of innocence; we must lisp again the lessons our mothers taught us, fertilize anew our lives with the words that once cheered us and the looks that once blessed us. It is only as we increase our stock of these helpful memories, re-enforce ourselves with the triumphs, aye, the defeats of the past, that we are equal to the emergencies more severe and the duties more exacting that await us.

"Sing to me a bairn's song," said a great Scotch divine when he came to face the supreme test. The simple croonings which a mother poured into the ears of a sleepy child soothed the dying bed of an aged philosopher.

Says Martineau:

"The spirit of religion moves inward toward the center of faith and feeling that holds us all. Whenever we relapse into simple affections, recover the artlessness of the child, we find the joy of redemption and wisdom of faith."

Perhaps the most significant difference between man and his lower relations in the brute realm is found in man's larger Book of Memory and greater power of reproducing his past. Certainly the greatest distinction between the cultivated man and the barbarian is found in his storage capacities, the power of accumulating and preserving the surplus of summer for the needs of winter. The granaries of civilization are spiritual as well as physical. The thrifty man stores the wheat grown in spiritual fields as well as the corn grown on the prairies; he bottles sunshine for stormy days. That is a low and beggarly life that lives from "hand to mouth" spiritually as well as physically. Many hearts are thristing today for the waters that freely over-flowed yesterday and went to waste, famish for the bread that was neglected and lost.

Carlyle said, "Civilization began when man began to make history." John Fiske's most unique contribution to human wisdom was the development of the truth that man's highest development is conditioned by the prolongation of the period of infancy, because the slower the maturing period the larger the accumulation of experiences, the ampler the endowment of the individual.

As a people we are too negligent of our traditions; as individuals too ready to close the gates of thought and seal the door-way of inquiry. How careless are we of the experiences that ought forever to enrich the chambers of the heart, ennoble the pages of the heart-edition of our Bible. On the pages of that Bible every kiss should be tallied, every gentle act recorded and every mistake engraved, for our sins bless us when recorded in the Book of Memory; our scars are guide-posts to the higher life, our shames index-fingers to the ways of peace, the paths of pleasantness.

"O well I can remember,
Once I called my pastures, Pain;
And the waters were a torrent
Sweeping through my life amain!
Now I call them Peace and Stillness,
Brightness of all Happy Thought,
Where I linger for a blessing."

"Home Coming Week" is the latest social device to promote good fellowship and incidentally advance trade in country towns. The streets are decorated, "WELCOME" in great letters is strung across the street, the band is playing, the school children are in procession, as the train brings in the grizzled "Home Comers," pilgrims to memory's shrines, visitors to the old homestead. But all of that ragged broken line of Home Comers who have paid their fare on the railroad form but a meager part of the procession that day. How many more there are who have paid no railroad fare! With the crowing of the cock that morning the old homestead swarmed again with the noisy children; the walls echoed again with old fashioned prayers and benedictions, the gentle blessings of father, the kindly admonition from mother's lips. Holy are the occasions that open for us the Book of Memory, though, like Peter, we are arraigned for disloyalty and faithlessness.

In opening this heart-pocket Bible of ours, doubtless we will find occasion for bitter tears over harsh sayings, cowardly denials, profane neglectfulness of the Christly love. Nevertheless it is well for the child to sit again at the home table, for the aged to go back again to the early altars, to visit the church where long ago ideals lured them, where noble purposes stirred them and good resolutions consecrated them. Yes, it is very well—

"Into the ocean of time past to dive
For memories of God's mercies; or to try
To bear all nobly, hoping still to cry,
'How beautiful it is to be alive!'"

This morning, friends, we venture with some de-

liberation to open the Book of Memory of All Souls Church. Twenty-five years ago today, to less than thirty people, in the little hall on Vincennes Avenue, near Thirty-fifth street, I preached the first sermon. There are few left in life who listened to that first sermon; still fewer left who are at the present time in the fellowship and work of All Souls Church; perhaps three or four* in this presence today who heard me then.

It takes courage to open up this Book of Memory, so full of reminders of things neglected, things which we might have done which were left undone. And still it can but be helpful to touch a few reminders, to recall a few incidents, and still better to look into the faces once more of those who in memory's galleries turn upon us eyes of love and cheer. Surely there are many things in this twenty-five years that ought to bid us cheer.

The first and perhaps most significant thing in our history is that at the end of twenty-five years we are here at all. I account for my being here to-day to the fact that I never knew enough to know when I was beaten, as I have been repeatedly. A twenty-five years' pastorate in Chicago is rather an unique occurrence. I can think of but three other ministers now at work in Chicago, out of a thousand or more who were in the harness when I began my work in Chicago. Dr. Hirsch and I landed here within a few weeks of one another. Bishop Cheney and I believe Bishop Fallows were then at work and are still at work. In the main, I have out-lived four, five, generations of preachers.

The tangible evidences of our activity have a significance and a right to a place in our Book of Memory. Here are four books which contain such record of the goings and comings, the public engagements and outward ministrations of the Pastor of All Souls Church, as his amanuenses have caught day by day during the last nineteen years,—a record I have never read and never expect to read, but which has its convenience in fixing a date and locating an incident.

Here are the twenty-four annuals which contain report of the various activities of All Souls Church from year to year. There lies the series of UNITY, the weekly supplement and extension of the All Souls pulpit, the extra thing in the life of your minister, from the care of which he has never known release.

From these outward records my assistants have compiled some figures that may vaguely hint at the contents of our Book of Memory.

The serial number of the opening sermon was 317; the manuscript before me numbers 1,202, which makes 885 written discourses for which alas! I am responsible. This makes of the "Barrel" section the driest corner of my library; it reminds me of the strings of dried pumpkin that used to hang up in the old fashioned houses; very dry, containing some nourishment still but needing a good deal of soaking and seasoning in order to make it palatable. They tell me I have led some 900 different classes, teachers' meetings and Bible classes, upward of a thousand study classes; have spoken outside of my church in Chicago during these nineteen years, of which inadequate record has been kept, in the neighborhood of 700 times and some 1,500 times outside of the city; some 340 times have I met the children of the Confirmation Class. Three hundred and fifty-two times have I tried to solemnize and beautify the most important event in the life of a human being by witnessing to marriage vows, and 370 times have I stood with the sorrowing beside their dead. My library catalogue at the present time indicates about seven thousand volumes, about four thousand of which have come onto the shelves during my twenty-five years' pastorate, through my hands and to a degree through my brain.

Let me indulge a little while longer the persistent though sometimes dangerous appetite of our day for facts and figures.

One month after the opening sermon on All Souls Day in 1882, a temporary organization elected officers. Fifteen months after the first sermon the Articles of Incorporation were recorded, on the 29th day of March, 1884. On the 7th day of June, 1885, following, we purchased the lot across the way, for which we had raised among ourselves $5,645.43. On the 3rd of May, 1885, we left the small hall for the larger for more room, which we found in the Oakland Skating Rink, then situated on the corner of Oakwood and Ellis Avenue. Sixteen months later, September 12, 1886, a little less than four years from the time of the first sermon, we moved into the little building across the way. The $11,573.00 construction fund represented the good will and the confidence of outside friends, largely coming through the instrumentalities and from the readers of UNITY. Nearly every state in the union was represented in that good will fund, which came in sums of from fifty cents upwards.

On July 9, 1891, the chronicler makes this entry: "Arranged for the purchase of the lot, and at 11 a. m. started on vacation." "On Saturday, June 14, 4 p. m., 1902, broke ground for the new Abraham Lincoln Centre." A little less than three years afterwards, April 23, 1905, on Easter day, the first service was held in the Abraham Lincoln Centre, and in May and June of the same year the new building was dedicated. Two years later the Abraham Lincoln Centre was incorporated and the All Souls organization tendered it this tangible property, representing an investment of over two hundred thousand dollars, unencumbered of debt. As already hinted my ministry has all along been more with than for all Souls Church. Unity, Tower Hill with its summer school, Hillside Valley with its Unity Chapel and Home School, and the ever-widening lecture platform that has called me literally from Ocean to Ocean have been constant objects of love, anxieties and encouragement to me, and in serving them I have felt I was serving you and in strengthening them I was strengthening our common cause.

But in this growing city, these outward facts and figures, pointing to mere activity and accumulation, have but little significance spiritually. Such facts and figures may and often do represent decay and degradation. The supreme question that confronts the conscience this morning as we open the Book of Memory is, Have we kept the faith? Have we been true to the vision? Have we ever "followed the gleam?" And is this movement today in its six-story building facing the sunrise as the little band did in the upper room on Vincennes Avenue twenty-five years ago today? Then I preached on "The Ideal Church," and the sermon was promptly pamphleted. A copy of it is before me.

In that sermon I plead for the church

"that would rest on a rational basis; be a free congress of independent souls, commissioned to quicken rather than to obstruct intelligence."

I said:

"It must be an inclusive, not an exclusive church; one pledged to universal brotherhood. It must stand on that which runs across the lines of empires, ignore party distinctions, and over-ride the differences in society. It must recognize the solidarity of the race and place its emphasis upon the great word of the century.—UNITY."

*There were at least seven present who were present at the opening service twenty-five years ago.

I then pled for a church that would be earth-rooted; one that would be a training school for character; one that would face the future. Furthermore, it would be founded on reverence. The little *self* would be disciplined in the presence of the infinite power *not self*.

I said that

"This church must have members, but they will be conscious sinners, not pretending saints. They will come within its folds for discipline and usefulness, not for trade, respectability or social advantages."

Such a church would have a minister

"who would never split the full gleam of the study into half-gleams for the pulpit; it would have a church building that would be a workshop, a social hall, and an oratorio for the soul; its architectural lines would bespeak utility, modesty, honesty and strength."

Again I said—

"This church will have a treasury that will not represent the fag ends of year's income, but the cheerful investments of honest toil."

I said then that

"In proportion as the mission and spirit of the church would be honest and true, the money would be forthcoming—not last, among the luxuries, but first among the necessities. The call for such a church is still based in Paul's word to the friends at Thessalonica: 'Comfort yourselves together and edify one another.'"

The comforting and edifying of souls was the task which we set before us twenty-five years.

In the first Annual among the fundamentals of our prospectus were the following:

"We intend to conduct the business affairs of the church on business principles, avoiding debt, laboring to educate people to pay for the commodities of soul with the same generosity, willingness, promptness and directness that they do for the physical commodities of life. * * * We should live as we go, enjoying our life day by day; if possible, profiting by it. The church home we wait for shall be no excuse for indifference, want of public spirit or penuriousness today. * * * We have no dogmatic test of fellowship. Truth-seeking is our method, character-building our aim; dishonesty is the only heresy we fear, and disloyalty is the impiety we dread."

In 1885 in my annual report I said:

"An office proffered by this church is not a compliment but a trust, not an honor but a responsibility, and those accepting it should be governed accordingly."

In 1886 in the Annual I said:

"My conception of the highest relation of a minister to his people is not that of employer and employe so much as of a partner in a joint stock company, organized for the purpose of advancing God's truth and ameliorating the woes of his children, our brothers and sisters. For this reason I crave much your sympathy and coöperation in our common cause outside of our parish limits."

Further on I said:

"Gratefully do I remember that this year has housed without debt my two parishes, representing my earliest and latest fields of labor—the country chapel in Wisconsin and this church home of ours."

Have we kept the faith? Are the inspirations of 1882 still inspiring? As I turn the pages of this Book of Memory it gladdens me to know that we have ever kept the enemy in front. We have paid all bills and paid them with reasonable promptness. Not always gladly, but always loyally have we with each return of the annual meeting faced the music, cleared the score.

I think also I may say we have been loyal to the open door. We have realized the comradeship of universal religion. Within our walls no man has been made stranger because of birth, color or creed.

At the annual meeting in January, 1893, the Chairman of the Board of Trustees, James P. Gardner, in his annual report said:

"My hope for the future is that before the next ten years have passed All Souls Church will stand upon its own merits, bound by no sectarian ties, free to ally itself with any movement which may appeal to its consideration, and that no influence, however slight, in the working or thinking basis of any other organization can have any effect whatever upon the unity and harmony of this church."

In less than two years afterwards, during the financially dark year of 1894, the "Freedom Fund" of this church, amounting to over four thousand dollars, was raised to pay off the last shadow of a financial obligation to the beloved friends and brothers of the Unitarian fellowship,—friends and brothers then, friends and brothers now; of the fellowship then and of the fellowship now; the more so because we are equally free and candid in the fellowship with any and all other forms of organized or unorganized religion,—Christian or Pagan, Protestant or Catholic, Jew or Gentile, black or white.

The democracy of All Souls Church has been vindicated by its twenty-five years of history. The intimate relation of this church and its Pastor to the Parliament of Religions was not accidental. That the child of that Parliament, the Congress of Religion, should be the object of our tender solicitation and support was a logical necessity, nay, a biological necessity; it was a mother's love for her child.

It gladdens me, further, to think that this church has ever held hard onto the simplicities of the moral life. It is believed and taught the piety of modest dress and moderate diet. Speaking for its pulpit, it has tried to put the cigar and the pipe, the cup and the amusement field, from the man's business desk and the woman's apparel from the shoes on her feet to the hat on her head into the balances of religion and weigh them according to their spiritual values.

It gladdens me to remember that this church has to a degree carried a sense of civic responsibilities and tried to apply the principles of the Beatitude and the Golden Rule to the ballot box. It has condemned throughout the twenty-five years of its life, as it does today, that prostitution of public office to private gain, which is the menace of republics, the disgrace of the state and the humiliation of our city. It has believed that the primal obligations and relationships of this church were to the community in which it lives and that it was its duty seven days in the week to minister to its needs. It has found, I believe, that the open mind and the trained hand are conducive to devotion, nay, indispensable elements to devoutness.

The ministry of this church has taken a wide range in space, in method and in matter. In the early days it fostered a kindergarten for several years, when kindergartens needed vindication. In 1888 it gathered the public school children around here to listen to personal reminiscences of the war, the Pastor's experiences as a private soldier. In the dark days of the 1894 distress it started at the hunger center over on Halsted street a relief station, which grew into the Helen Heath Settlement, and which is still perpetuated under other auspices. For two or three years it helped organize and did much towards running the Chicago Institute for Instruction in Letters, Morals and Religion, which brought to a downtown platform the most eminent lecturers of the country. One winter an enterprising Board of Trustees made it possible for the minister to speak on Sunday evenings for three months in Hirshey Hall on Madison street. Another winter he conducted for three months Sunday evening services in the old Central Music Hall; perhaps earlier than that, three months' Sunday afternoon missionary services were conducted at Rosalie Hall, South Park, and for six months he held services in Kenwood Chapel on Forty-fifth street. When the room across the way became crowded while waiting for the new

building, the services were transferred for a season to the Oakland Music Hall on Cottage Grove avenue; all of which bespeaks a coöperation on the part of the church with the minister, which is a better measure of their spirit and energy than any financial footings of the treasurer.

In this church the words of Browning, Emerson, Whitman, George Eliot, Victor Hugo, Ibsen, Ruskin, Tolstoy, and many more have been given scriptural prominence, have been studied deliberately for their spiritual content. In this church evolution found friends and students in the days when it was distrusted, and the writings of Herbert Spencer, John Fiske, Darwin and their associates were given serious and grateful consideration. To its pulpit during the last twenty-five years came many who have been honored of the nations, among whom I recall Julia Ward Howe, Ednah D. Cheney, Lucy Stone, Susan B. Anthony, Miss Katherine Spence of Australia, Mozoomdar, Dharmapala and many others of India, Hirai of Japan, Miss Sorabji of the Parsee faith, Ghandi and Nagharkar of India, Prince Wolkonsky of Russia, Bonet-Maury, Charles Wagner and Professor Koenig of France, Hugenholz of Holland, Felix Morris, the actor, John Chadwick, M. J. Savage, Robert Collyer, Edward Everett Hale, John Learned, Edward Emerson, Frank B. Sanborn, Anna Garlin Spencer, John Fiske, President Harper, David Starr Jordan, Frank Bristol, Frederick Douglas, Sidney Morse, and many others whose words were encouragement and a challenge.

I dare not begin to call the names of those who from the within lifted at the burdens, helped with their cheerfulness and chastened our lives with consecrated memories.

We remember with special gratitude today the courtesies received at the hands of our church neighbors—Jewish and Christian—and the ever-enlarging fellowship that has grown out of what seemed to some and at sometimes as a reckless disregard of fellowship.

It was in the Methodist Church across the way that we entertained the Western Conference, when was raised the larger part of a ten-thousand-dollar Theodore Parker Memorial Fund to perpetuate its work. It was the Methodist Church across the way that gave room into which we overflowed with the Charles Wagner audiences.

Our history has proven, at least to your minister, the immense ministerial power there is in a body of earnest laymen and women. And that the conveniences and contrivances, the instruments that are so efficient in business, are equally serviceable, aye, indispensable in a modern church. The printing press and the post-office, the typewriter, stenography and the conveniences of the office, have all contributed to our life and strength. One close to the center of things thinks it not too much to say that the telephone, which for two or more years represented the thoughtfulness of one person, built the Lincoln Centre. Without it the working capacity of those whose business it was to push and guide would have proven inadequate to the task.

But let us beware of inflation as we turn the leaves of this Book of Memory. We have done well, but not very well. We have grown, but we have not kept pace with the growth of the community. We began in a city of perhaps a little over half a million. Today we are a small speck in a city of nearly two millions and a half. Twenty-five years ago in Chicago there were thirteen Congregational churches; today there are one hundred and seven Congregational churches.

Have we kept pace with our opportunities? We began a poor congregation, and circumstances, the wealth of the Mississippi valley, the inflowing power of Chicago has brought us where we are no longer poor, and we have no right to take shelter behind the shield of impecuniosity. For many years in the earlier years of this parish it boasted of but one or two families that sustained carriages. Now it supports at least thirty automobiles in its parish, and this is a source of congratulation only if our contributions to the cause of religion have kept pace with our luxuruies, if we are making automobile sacrifices to the cause that is the most central in human lives.

And so, after all, I would be untrue to the blessed ones who have gone on and we would prove disloyal to their great bequests, unworthy trustees of their estate, if I did not try to convert these reminiscences into inspiration; close the Book of Memory and open the Volume of Prophecy. The things that have been done will prove the millstone around our necks; they will sink us into helplessness, the perdition that awaits disloyal stewards, if we do not see to it that the next twenty-five years outdoes the last twenty-five years in sacrifice, in foresight, in adventure. The Abraham Lincoln Centre is but a seed planted in fertile soil. It must be watered and weeded, fertilized, guided and pruned, if it is to be the great tree whose leaves will be for the healing of the nations.

I believe there is not a man, woman or child in this presence today who begrudges a single nickle paid into this work in the past; not one who is so visionless as to think that he has been impoverished thereby. The fact that you have received back with interest every cent invested in this bank that never breaks is a demand that you duplicate and more than duplicate what you have given in the past to the work of the future.

Friends, we have lived to see the religious anxiety and interest pass largely out of the realm of Theology into that of Sociology. Those who distrusted me twenty-five years ago lock arms with me now whenever they or I see a civic obligation awaiting us or a social opportunity offered us. Debate has given way to tenderness and the heart-emphasis of doctrine melt into the pathetic cry of the soul that, in spite of distrust and changing creeds, must ever grow to rest in the thought of the Eternal and ever yearn for a touch of the everlasting arms, none the less everlasting and none the less divine if the touch be emphasized in the arms of the human.

Blessed is the Book of Memory, but more important today is the Book of Prophecy. Let us look out and look forward.

We thank thee, Father, for the past; we pray for guidance in the future. Amen.

One

I love all changes of the earth and air!
The day of sleety turmoil is to me
A rare magnificence, and I could flee
Eager and happy to the storm-wind's lair.
When pounds the tempest through the hills all bare,
Or thunder cannonades the beating sea,
Spirit of Nature! still I speed with thee,
Clinging triumphant in thy streaming hair.

Then comes a day amid the flowers and ferns,
When breathing zephyrs and low-murmuring bees
Speak Nature's mood a poppy-like repose.
The flame is mine with which rhodora burns,
The ambrosia mine of scented herbs and trees,
And I am drop in every brook that flows.

—*James H. West.*

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

REV. C. A. OSBORNE, Secretary.

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

The Minister for Tomorrow

The minister of yesterday was a type clearly defined. He was a man set apart to have special intimacy with God and to speak to men with authority because of intimate knowledge of the divine will. It was on such an accepted estimate that the Congregational minister in New England was installed to be pastor for life by the church which called him.

The minister of today is an experiment. A church takes him on trial and the trial is usually short. Either the church soon begins to ask if he fills the historic ideal of the minister as well as some other man might, or the pastor begins to ask if he would not be more successful in some other field. This condition of unsettlement, which prevails widely, hinders the growth of the churches and discourages ministers.

The minister of tomorrow is today an unknown quantity. To determine what he is would give the most important knowledge for prophesying what will be the future of the Christian church. The laity are asking, What manner of man is he for whom our church is waiting? Young men urged to enter the ministry are asking themselves what the "sacred calling" is, as it used to be called, and if they are fit candidates for it. Many a pastor, often in doubt as to how long he can stay in his present parish and where he can find another, is asking, Did I make a mistake in assuming to be a minister, and have I the right to remain one?

These questions, which are vital to the prosperity of the church, President Cuthbert Hall, of Union Theological Seminary, essays to answer in the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. First of all he affirms that the priestly idea of the ministry belongs with the past and not with the future. Its power in the church during the last fifteen centuries is evident. It is almost as much a matter of instinct as of habit for people to submit themselves to the authority of men segregated as a class to become acquainted with the mysteries of God and to have power to confer the grace of God on their fellow-men. This priestly conception of the ministry in a modified form passed from the mediæval to the Reformed churches. It was the dominant idea of the Congregational ministry in the early part of the last century, and indeed of the whole Protestant ministry.

Dr. Hall affirms, on sufficient evidence, as we believe, that this idea has been dying for the last fifty years and that it is certain to pass away. The readjustment of our conception of the Bible through the reconsideration of historical and literary questions connected with it, is being followed by a reconstruction of the Christian idea of the ministry. Those ministers who cling to the traditions of an earlier age concerning it, who hold themselves apart in mental seclusion or in a narrow parochialism claiming ministerial privilege, are deceiving themselves and losing their most valuable possessions. They are living in an atmosphere of unreality which veils their eyes to the growing popular indifference to the subject of human priests.

It is a mistake to confuse this indifference with irreligion. While Sunday newspapers and golf and eagerness for pleasure explain in part the decline in church attendance, many intelligent and pure-minded persons are conscious of a certain unreality in the idea that a man ordained by the laying on of hands can thereby impart to men the mysteries of God. They seek and find God without any such mediating agency, and gradually the ties of ecclesiastical custom are relaxing their hold on multitudes who have not surrendered their faith in God.

What, then, is to be the ideal of the ministry of tomorrow? There can be no question that men are in demand who can minister to the spiritual and intellectual needs of their fellowmen, and those of all classes and conditions. Gen. William Booth is not an orator, and his addresses are simple, conversational, straightforward. But crowds go to hear him because he speaks to the heart and conscience of the average man as one of them. His message is pervaded with the gospel of deliverance from sin through the grace of God in Jesus Christ, and with the summons to every sincere soul to help men to gain that deliverance. President Roosevelt is a preacher of a different type, but none the less a minister appealing to men to do what they know they ought to do and showing them how to do it. He has been often criticised as a rehearser of commonplace truths, which no one denies. But his strength lies in making these undenied truths regnant in the souls of men because they are regnant in his own.

These two ministers at large are only conspicuous examples of many who are laboring up and down the land to hold up before men the divine ideal and to persuade and compel them to answer their inward aspiration to realize it. They help us to see that the ministry is not decaying, but only that provisional and unessential interpretations of it are fading away. The man who knows God and is inspired by love to men for what they may become as children of God is a prophet, and belongs to the ministry of the future. Dr. Hall names five traits which distinguish the ideal minister—simplicity, unselfishness, humanity, hopefulness, reverence. As related to these characteristics, he suggests the littleness of controversy over things unessential, the attractive power of worship in contrast with forms of entertainment too often substituted for it in plans to draw audiences to the house of God, and the absorbing impulse of the missionary motive to give a minister vision and power. In this connection Dr. Hall's words are worth quoting as showing how his own conception of the ministry has been enlarged by his experience in preaching to Oriental audiences. He says: "I sometimes think that the ideal minister, when he comes, will be drawn by the logic of opportunity to India and the Far East. A field of fields is there just now for men of vision, humanness and hopefulness. It were a task worthy of Christ himself to go to the East believing in the love of truth that lies deep in the Oriental religious consciousness, beneath much practice of error; and so to lift the Eternal Message above age-long misconceptions of it that the imprisoned glory of the Eastern soul may be emancipated and installed in its proper office as the spiritual leader of the world."

When the ministry of the future is conceived as Dr. Hall has portrayed it there will be no lack of candidates for it. The choicest souls among men and the ablest students in the universities will aspire to it, and the people will hear and follow them gladly.—*Editorial in The Congregationalist.*

Brother—there is no payment in the world!
We work and pour our labor at the feet
Of those who are around us and to come.
We live and take our living at the hands
Of those who are around us and have been.
No one is paid. No person can have more
Than he can hold. And none can do beyond
The power that's in him. To each child that's born
Belongs as much of all our human good
As he can take and use to make him strong.

And from each man, debtor to all the world,
Is due the fullest fruit of all his powers,
His whole life's labor, proudly rendered up
Not as return—can moments pay and age?
But as the simple duty of a man.
Can he do less—receiving everything?

—*Charlotte Perkins Gilman.*

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

The Financial Stringency.

The seriousness of the financial situation was brought home to western cities last week when the "certificate plan" was adopted in most large cities and the full thirty or sixty day notice of withdrawal was exacted by savings banks. While the flurry may have been caused by "frenzied finance" and rash speculations in Wall Street, it is also true that there has been a growing shortage of money in all centers, and it has been difficult to secure sufficient currency for the enormous bulk of trade. The action of Comptroller Ridgely and Secretary Cortelyou in permitting national banks to issue paper currency on their collateral securities, thus greatly increasing the money in circulation, has contributed to the returning confidence. Over $300,000,000 of such currency is within reach of the national banks of the country and this without depreciating the value of the dollar or lessening its purchasing power. It is evident that important legislation is needed to adapt our banking system to new conditions and Congress is expected to supply these needs in the coming session. It is reported financiers have besought the President to call a special session of Congress for this purpose, but inasmuch as the regular session begins the first of December, and also as the present crisis seems to be past, it is presumed the matter will be deferred and included in the regular message of the President.

Third Duma in Russia

Final returns from the recent election in Russia prove that the third Duma will have a majority of reactionaries and conservative constitutionalists. This results from the new election law by which the Bureaucracy has succeeded in eliminating a large number of the constitutionalists. Just what effect this limiting of the franchise and the general apathy of the people in the elections may have on the political future of the empire is not apparent, but perhaps even this Duma may prove less than servile.

No Delay on Telegrams.

The telegraph problem is not yet solved, but the "subject to delay" clause has now been removed from messages filed and the companies evidently have the situation in hand. Meantime the operators seem to be getting ready to formally declare the strike off. Apparently it has been a very expensive and complete failure, with no solace in sight.

A Political Debauchment.

Last week the Illinois House passed the new Oglesby primary bill by a large majority and there seemed ground for the hope that this move in the interest of real democracy would come to fruition; but then "Uncle Joe" Cannon came on the scene and summoned the politicians to the protection of bossism and the dictation of the political ring. Heretofore it has been possible to control the nominations to office and thus limit democracy to "a choice of evils," but the direct plurality primary would be fatal to old methods. The interesting question is, "How long?" American citizens are not Russian peasants, and it may be Speaker Cannon and his henchmen have added the last straw which will break the partisan camel's back.

The English Elections.

As a result of the municipal election in Great Britain November 1 the Conservatives scored a pronounced triumph, there being an almost general defeat of the Socialists and other radical candidates. Out of about one thousand Socialists and radical liberal candidates seeking municipal offices, only a handful were elected, the defeat in most cases being overwhelming. The Conservative gains were partly due to this cause and partly are an indication of dissatisfaction with the present liberal government. Another feature of the campaign was that women were for the first time eligible to the municipal council, but of the seventeen who sought election only three were successful.

Smoke and Electricity.

Reports in papers last week assert the substitution of electric power for steam on all New York Central lines for a distance of over twenty-five miles, has been an unqualified success, not only in the elimination of the smoke nuisance, but in ultimate speed and cost of operation. This great railway in the "most congested terminal in the world" handles all its suburban and transcontinental trains, switching and yard service, by electricity and reports the same a success. Other large cities will be greatly benefited when this reformation is generally adopted.

On the Football Field.

Last Saturday the football craze was in full swing all over the country and college men were naturally aroused over the victory or defeat of their Alma Mater. At least eight deaths have already occurred this fall. It would be interesting to debate the question whether more deaths result from football than from the "awful" duels in German universities. It would seem clear that some rules should be made to lessen the danger in this strenuous game, or else the game must go.

Editor Harden Is Acquitted.

The suit for libel brought against the editor of a Berlin paper by General Von Moltke was last week decided against the plaintiff and the court scandals are thus admitted to be true. Emperor William was indirectly brought into the affair, and though nothing against his honor was even intimated, the scandal has stirred court circles deeply and far-reaching results may be expected.

Chicago a Health Resort.

The monthly report of the health department, showing a death rate of 12.67 per thousand, is a low figure reached only a few times in the past fifty years and is much lower than the rate in most other large cities. Nevertheless there were in October six cases of smallpox, seventy-five of typhoid and 521 of diphtheria, nearly all of which were presumably due to some unhygienic conditions in water or milk, food or surroundings, leaving abundant room for improvement.

In the United States Supreme Court.

It seems likely the question of the relation of State and Federal authority will, to some extent, be passed on by the United States Supreme Court in its hearing of the Minnesota case, over which it assumed jurisdiction last week. The point at issue was raised by the action of the United States Circuit Court for the district of Minnesota, in holding the attorney general of Minnesota in contempt for violating its injunction against an enforcement of the state law regulating commodity rates. The issue of law is a complicated one, but the decision of the court may help solve the problem already raised in several states, where state and United States action against railroads have been in some conflict.

A Governors' "Trust."

It is reported that the Governors of Alabama, Georgia and North Carolina, Messrs. B. A. Comer, Hoke Smith and R. R. Glenn, held a conference in the executive mansion at Atlanta last week, at which they formed an offensive and defensive alliance against the railroads and, indirectly, against the Federal courts, which have interfered with the drastic measures of the different executives. They are quoted as saying, "We regard complete recognition of the rights of states to regulate the interstate business of transportation as absolutely necessary." The transcontinental railroad is very evidently something of a shuttlecock between the states and the nation and no prophet is needed to forecast a radical change in such policies. Unless the national government makes the laws governing great corporations during interstate business, those corporations will quite likely be forced to the wall and then government ownership will surely come.

National Purity Congress.

The gathering at Battle Creek last week brought together a great many speakers, each with a full report of the crimes against the home and the purity of life, with a great many different remedies to suggest. There is no room to doubt the awful menace and fruitage of the social evil—worse by a hundred-fold than any other crime in the catalogue—but there is every reason to doubt the efficacy of any one remedy. The truth is nothing less than a complete moral regeneration of the race will fully eliminate this most insidious of evils, pandered to as it is by a host of modern social customs.

British Railroad Strike.

Last week the Amalgamated Society of Railroad Servants was ordered on strike by its executive council. Of the 580,000 railroad employes in the British Isles 97,000 are members of this society and if the strike order is obeyed, as seems probable, the greatest tie up in English history, perhaps in the world's history, will result. The chief point at issue is the old one, a demand for "recognition of the union." The organization has been a conservative one, but trouble has long been brewing and the strike has been carefully organized. It will affect each division of the United Kingdom. As Great Britain is dependent to a larger extent than most countries on the railroad for food supplies, the result of a general strike will be exceedingly serious and practical starvation will confront many localities in a short time. On all sides hope for arbitration is still entertained, though with waning faith.

C. A. O.

THE HOME

(Contributions for this department should be sent to Mrs. William Kent, 5112 Kimbark avenue, Chicago.)

Helps To High Living

Sun.—He has seen but half the universe who has never been shown the house of pain.

Mon.—The riches of body or of mind which we do not need today, are the reserved fund against the calamity that may arrive tomorrow.

Tues.—If a man says, Lo! I suffer—it is apparent that he suffers not, for grief is dumb.

Wed.—Time, the consoler, Time, the rich carrier of all changes, dries the freshest tears by obtruding new figures.

Thurs.—All that life demands of us through the greater part of the day, is an equilibrium, a readiness, open eyes and ears and free hands.

Fri.—Want is a growing giant whom the coat of Have was never large enough to cover.

Sat.—Money often costs two much and power and pleasure are not cheap. *Emerson.*

The Settlers

(*Written for the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Village of Spring Green.*)

No Paradise our fathers won
When, following the westering sun
O'er sea and land to end of day,
From home and friends a weary way,
They reached a land of marsh and fen,
River and forest, rock and glen,
Where oaks must fall and walls must rise
Ere firesides glow 'neath alien skies.

No pleasant tree with fruit for food
Grew for their use in all the wood;
No Tree of Knowledge, rich and rare,
Laden with wisdom, flourished there.
No Tree of Life—alas! there grew
No leaves of healing, stanch and true.
These they must plant with patient toil
And wait the growth of a wayward soil.

'Twas weary planting all the day
With hunger and fever scarce at bay,
And Death ahead on a narrow track.
But they were the men who turned not back,
They were the men of iron mold
Who turned not aside for heat or cold,
For the East had come to the West,
And the Better must grow the Best.

They planted on, by day, by night,
They planted ever in dark or light,
Tho', light or dark, they might not see,
Dense with the boughs of the pleasant tree
Whose fruit is food, the Future rise
Fair before their children's eyes,
Dropping plenty till all be fed
And no child shall cry for bread.

The Tree of Knowledge planted they,
And its roots grew deep in the miry clay,
But 'tis ours to see its branches fair
Bearing aloft its fruit so rare.
God speed the day no child of earth
Shall miss its own by right of birth,
The Tree of Knowledge of good and ill,
By the "little red schoolhouse" on the hill.

And the Tree of Life, with its healing leaves
For the nation's wounds, whose touch retrieves
The lifelong griefs of sorrowing men
And conjures the spirit of youth again,
This Tree of Life is the Tree of Peace.
It shall flourish when war shall cease,
It shall blossom and bear its seed
When brothers are brothers in truth and deed.

And now, for those who greatly dreamed
And planted, tho' it ofttimes seemed
The seed fell in a darkling void,
Let praise be unalloyed.
Our thanks, our grateful thanks be theirs,
Who broke, tho' unawares,
And oft, alas, through blinding tears,
The bread of life to unknown years.

EVELYN H. WALKER.

What Jeannette Missed

"No, I didn't take Jeanette with me when I went to England last summer," said Jeannette's aunt, Miss Graham, talking to a friend.

"Such was my intention until after her visit to me in Washington during the winter. I found her one of those unpleasant persons who think it looks countrified to show surprise or pleasure at new things. When I took her to the Corcoran art gallery she merely said that the collection was finer in the Metropolitan museum. The Library of Congress had too much gilt in the mural decorations and the Capitol was not so imposing in its appearance as it ought to be, according to her ideas.

"At the churches the music was not so fine as that she had heard in a small inland city church near her village home, which some minister who had traveled much said was the finest he had ever listened to, either in Europe or America. She thought Washington so different from New York. It certainly is, but there is no comparison between the two cities, as I tried to point out to her one day.

"In addition to her disparaging criticisms, I was obliged to listen to her gossip of the small village where she lived until I was tired and bored. Her family, her friends, her neighbors and herself were assumed to be of as supreme importance to the world at large as they were to Jeannette. She would wait with impatience for me to finish some remark and answer with something quite irrelevant concerning her own affairs. Before she went home I said to her, frankly:

"'My child, you're in a fair way to become a very disagreeable woman. Don't you know it is only polite when people take the trouble to show you about a new or strange place, to try to see only what is attractive? You will not be accused of provincialism for simple appreciativeness. I advise you to cultivate the quality of being appreciative. And you should try and interest yourself in general matters when you are with strangers, at least. While, by virtue of our kinship, I am interested in all that concerns you, I grow weary of hearing you harp continually on one string—yourself and your own affairs. You ought to learn to talk about books and current events; to listen more to the conversation of your elders.'

"Jeannette cried and went home feeling hurt and resentful, not dreaming what she had missed when I went to England without her. I'm sorry for her. If she doesn't reform she is bound to become a soured, disappointed woman, and that bad habit of criticism and comparison will spoil her enjoyment of any pleasures that come her way. Don't you agree with me?" *S. A. Rice.*

Love Regnant

Has one a kindness done to you?
By a kindly act brought love to view?
By a kindly lift uplifted care
And made the world look bright and fair?

The next you meet may be in need,
May need your help, the helpful deed—
May need the word which you can speak,
The faith which maketh strong the weak.

Recall the Man of Galilee,
The Man who died for you and me;
Recall the one who was kind to you,
And as was done, so may you do.

And thus the world will come to know
That love is regnant here below,
Just as in heaven, in heaven above
Where love is God and God is love.

The Heights, California. ALFRED M. WILSON.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Boston Congress Notes

CAMBRIDGE, PLYMOUTH, HINGHAM, ETC.—Another peculiarity of the fourth biennial congress of the International Council was the fact that it spread over so much territory. Beginning and ending, as I have already pointed out, by scattering its foreign delegates through the pulpits of Boston and surrounding cities and towns, for Sunday services, over a wide circuit, it adjourned bodily to Cambridge for one day's sessions, those of Thursday, September 26. The day was a beautiful one and fearing, with good reason, that Sander's theater would be taxed beyond its capacity, many felt obliged to forego the morning prayer in King's chapel in order to take an early start for Cambridge. Nor were these prudent virgins on hand any too soon for comfort, as the floor seats were already pretty much filled and it was not long ere every available space was overflowing. Only the stage filled up somewhat more slowly, having been reserved for the officers and the foreign guests. This gave, for the first time, an admirable and welcome opportunity to view the foreign delegation as a body, to identify many of its members and carry away good mental photographs. There was a humorous side to this opportunity when Professor Peabody came to give his illustrated description of the University and our distinguished guests had to shift their chairs, not only to get out of range, but also to secure a position where they, for whose benefit, supposedly, the views were shown, could see them. All the rest of the house being full the best that some of them could do was to sit like a row of frolicsome boys dangling their feet over the front of the platform, and crane their necks to see the pictures at their backs, but the situation seemed to be met with much good humor.

Barring this little episode, the proceedings were dignified and impressive. President Eliot welcomed the congressists on behalf of Harvard and commented on the significance of the Congress as only he could, and the other speakers of the occasion had been fittingly chosen among the distinguished representatives of European universities in attendance at the Congress. Professor Montet, of Geneva, here delivered in full that study of John Calvin and plea for liberal cooperation in the Reformation monument at Geneva, which he subsequently so admirably condensed for us at Abraham Lincoln Centre.

Dr. Otto Pfleiderer, of Berlin, for whose appearance we have come to look forward at every congress, delivered an address on the tendency of positive religions toward universal religion, speaking for the first time in English. His aspect was as benign, his voice as melodious as ever, while his tall form appeared more commanding because not bent over the desk as at Geneva, where he seemed more the professor talking familiarly with his class. The *Christian Register* having published these, and many other addresses of the Congress, there is less need for me to attempt an abstract, my object in these informal notes being rather to give the side-lights, the little points not likely to get into print, that tend to give one a sense of having been there.

Professor Montet's address was a plain invitation to action and a resolution pledging sympathy and support to the Calvin celebration in 1909, was promptly passed, notwithstanding a few sturdy noes. A briefer resolution expressing sympathy with the projected Servetus memorial at Vienne was adopted unanimously. The customary resolutions, election formalities, announcement of Berlin as the place and 1910, centenary of the birth of Theodore Parker and fourth centenary of the Hungarian Francis David, as the year, of the next congress, and the illustrated description of the University already alluded to, completed the morning's program, immediately following which a photograph of the assemblage was taken on the steps of Memorial Hall.

From this point there was a general scattering, the foreign guests being invited to a lunch at the Harvard Union; a number of Americans strictly limited by the capacity of its Parish House being admitted by ticket to a lunch provided by the First Parish of Cambridge, and the balance of the throng providing for themselves as best they could in cafés and restaurants or lunching *al fresco* in a little park near the river. There was no general reassembling. During the afternoon parties were conducted about the University grounds and buildings and to other points of interest. We chanced to be near Miss von Petzold when in the new Germanic Museum she came upon the cast of some old prioress and indicated it to us with the smiling observation: "The mediæval idea of a woman minister." Finding the clans so scattered, and my time passing somewhat aimlessly, I returned to Boston and the headquarters, then caught a train for Brockton and spent the evening with an invalid friend instead of attending the banquet at the Somerset. Of the wit and wisdom that there found utterance you can read in the *Christian Register*.

It was a great pleasure to revisit Plymouth on Friday and under such happy auspices. Twelve years had passed since my summer there attending Felix Adler's School of Applied Ethics, and I thought quite anxiously of changes that the years might have brought. Fortunately, so far as I was concerned, these were mostly pleasing ones. First there was the beautiful Pilgrim church replacing the rather bare little hall in which the Unitarians were worshiping when I was first there. It was a rare pleasure, one that satisfied one's sense of historic fitness, to attend such a gathering in that beautiful edifice and there hear a Leyden University professor, H. Y. Groenewegen, retell the story of the *Remonstrants*, following the address of welcome by Hon. Arthur Lord. The impression made was so satisfactory that the audience felt moved to applause. The singing of a hymn written for the occasion was followed by the benediction and then Burial Hill was climbed. The stroll there and over to the Forefathers' monument on its commanding height, afforded opportunity for converse with several of the foreign guests. Presently I found myself beside one of the Holland group whom it had been my privilege to meet several times before. "Oh," he said, almost instantly, in a tone of deprecating inquiry, "why do your people clap their hands in church? It really quite hurt my feelings." "Yes, I answered, I quite understand your feelings, I suspect we do a good many things in our churches that would seem to you irreverent, but we do not mean them so. This same gentleman was much interested in investigating the difference between Unitarians and Universalists, the latter denomination apparently being new to him.

Here, as at Cambridge, there was a certain separating the sheep from the goats, the foreigners being invited to lunch at the Universalist church, while the Americans were left to shift for themselves. I lost no time in going in search of my old-time hostess, Mrs. Frank V. Davis, an active member of the Pilgrim church. Yes, she and her home were there almost unchanged by the passings years; only the gentle invalid sister had passed away, leaving my friend alone. But with her large heart and quick sympathies she could never remain alone and it was no surprise to find her mothering some fortunate young men. It was like old times to sit down at her hospitable board and talk of friends and interest past and present, and then to take a stroll in her attractive garden extending up the steep slope almost to the summit of Burial Hill. One thing not on the program she insisted that I must see and that was the charming new memorial library, a gift to the town since I was there. Picture postals were bought, Pilgrim Hall, much enlarged since I knew it, was visited and then at 3 p. m. we took train for Hingham.

Our objective point there was the "old meeting-house," a charmingly simple and venerable structure with its setting of verdant cemetery in the rear and its commodious new Parish House across the street. The quaint old pulpit was beautifully decorated with autumn flowers and leaves, and as we sat in the old-fashioned pews and listened to a brief outline of the church's history since this edifice was built in 1881, we were glad that there are people who prize the old. May this, the "oldest place of public worship now in use in the United States," long be spared from destruction.

After enjoying Hingham hospitality for an hour, visiting the old Indian fort, the church built in 1806 and other points of interest, we took train once more and sped away in the gathering shadows of clouds and twilight to Boston, where the Congress throng melted into the night never again to be reunited. Some, at least, of the foreigners went to Fairhaven next day but that was an affair for them only. An adventurous trio came on to Ann Arbor and Chicago and so went back richer than their fellows by the sight of two more of our great universities and "the teeming life of the middle west." M. E. H.

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